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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE DAY OF THE PEOPLE IS DAWNING

We knelt before kings; we bent before lords;
For theirs were the crowns, and theirs were the swords
But the times of the bending and bowing are past,
And the day of the people is dawning at last.

We cringed before gold; we deified wealth;
We laid on its altar the life and the health
Of manhood and womanhood, childhood and youth;
But its lordship is doomed in this day of the truth.

The strength of the State we'll lavish on more
Than making of wealth and making of war;
We are learning at last, though the lesson comes late,
That the making of man is the task of the State.

Great Day of Jehovah, prophets and seers
Have sung of thy coming for thousands of years;
Thank God for each sign that the dark night is past;
And the day of the people is dawning at last!

—*William P. Merrill.*

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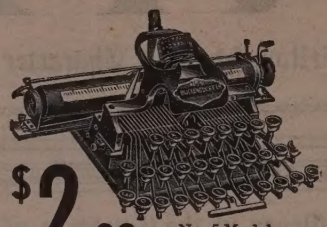

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1916. NUMBER 22

COMMUNION.

I found a man
Unkempt, unclean, unloved.
He crouched beside my door
And asked for bread,
And I, the fool among the sons of men,
Did take him in
And bread did break with him.

ROBERT TIPTON.

A correspondent writes: "Our fuss with Mexico is just disgusting and all brought about by the same spirit that got them into war on the other side. I hope we shall escape, but even if we do I think we must look pretty cheap to some of the people who thought we had some sense of honor and less of greed."

We are reminded by an illustration found in the scrapbook, of which we speak elsewhere, that blue birds when they first emerge from the shell are black. We wish it might be so of all our young ones, that life might eliminate the black and introduce the beautiful, the blue.

Several "comments" in the *Dial* of July 15 would seem to find partial consolation over the calamitous war in the fact that it has encouraged good reading. Indeed, the London *Times* sees a revival of "leisure for literature" in the dire conditions that make modern war a slow, monotonous business this giving the soldier more time for reading than ever before. We hope there is some truth in this and would not at present hint at the counter facts, the hardening of human hearts, the blurring of human ideals, the wasting of human energies. The battlefield slaughters poets as relentlessly as it does brigands. At least it is an awful price to pay for a relish for literature. Must men be driven at the point of the bayonet to the enjoyment of a sonnet or the appreciation of a drama?

George H. Shibley, President of the "League for World Peace," with international headquarters at Washington, D. C., writes:

> We stand for Preparedness Plus. Always the two sides, Progression and Reaction, are represented in the nation's political parties. Former President Taft and his colleagues in the League to Enforce Peace who succeeded in shaping its platform, are declaring that some issues are *"non-justiciable,"* and, therefore, that the nations of the world should continue armed to the teeth, still competing in armaments.

It is doubtful in our minds whether this issue can be made to run parallel with national party lines in the coming presidential campaign. It would be a happy day for our republic if this issue could be clearly brought to the ballot box test, but unfortunately both parties are confused and halting on this matter. Both profess pacific intentions, both yield to militant expediency. But the nations are waiting the birth of the international spirit that will eventually embody itself into an international party; for the hope of one is the hope of all and the freedom of one nation from the burden of war cannot be secured except through the freedom of all.

The current bulletin, published by the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, being No. 28 of the 1916 series, announces in conspicuous headlines that "Prohibition Wrecks Business," and offers in evidence the pathetic story of a York state hotel keeper who ended his wrecked life in a Masonic home. Not far away from this Masonic home in Utica, where the penniless hotel keeper was made bankrupt by the "dry" law which took possession of his town, is the Poor Farm for that county. A superficial study of the inmates of this Poor Farm would show that the victims had sunk so far down and out as to be beyond the reach of any Masonic Home on account of the prosperity of the saloon men to which they contributed. The Editor of UNITY has just completed an auto tour of several hundred miles through Wisconsin and has noted the rapid development of the Wisconsin villages and smaller cities in beauty and prosperity, indicated by their shaded lawns, modern school houses, and public libraries so suggestive in their simplicity of Greek architecture. And these improvements and prosperities seem to run hand-in-hand with the forces that made these towns "dry."

One of the latest achievements of Frances Lester, the matchless maker of scrapbooks, and the conjurer, we scarcely like to use the word "publisher," of cards, things of beauty, tender, subtle, beautiful poems, artistically printed, is a scrapbook made up entirely of clippings from UNITY during the last two or three years. There are some fifty pages, generous pages, filled with poems, pasted with ample margins, illuminated with pictures and portraits clipped from publications more sumptuous than UNITY can afford. For instance, just above Cale Young Rice's "Messages" flies in clear outline a biplane through a murky sky, while on the opposite page, above Richard Burton's "God's Gift, The Air," is a picture of mountain,

stream, columnar pine and snow piercing peak. On another page we find Frederic Lawrence Knowles' "Nature: The Artist," with John Burroughs standing in the snow near by. There is a pretty nest holding birdlings with gaping beaks below John Kendrick Bangs' lines:

> If Robin Redbreast knows such bliss
> On such a diet as is his,
> How much more blissful is our lot
> Upon the bill of fare we've got!
> If he can sing his tooral-ay
> Upon the worms that come his way,
> I sort of think one strawberry
> Should get an anthem out of me.

We can write without blushing or being suspected of egotism, for the "we" that dictates this note is not the "we" that selects the poetry. But this scrapbook is not an inadequate cross section of the current thought and literary achievement of our day. What a goodly company are here gathered! James W. Foley, Ethel M. Colson, Edith M. Thomas, Annie Johnson Flint, Harriet Lake-Burch, Alonzo Rice, Celia Thaxter, Edwin Markham, Edward Carpenter, Clinton Scollard, Bliss Carmen, Katherine Tynan,—and so they run. In short, this is an unique little anthology, and the possessor thereof has a rare collection of dainty and virile poetry such as no other one in the world can possess and but few in the world would know how to make were the material at hand. Not for money can such a book be made, but Miss Lester has the convenient blank books for sale for such a purpose, and we suspect that possessors of money might possess themselves of this exquisite one volume edition of an "Unity Anthology."

A Scandalous Prolongation of a Scandal

At last there has dropped from the front page of the newspapers Will Orpet and Marion Lambert, two wayward children exposed to the dangers that beset the favored. Leisure, social excitement and dangerous opportunies made them the pathetic victims of the relentless passion of love and they paid the too familiar penalty. Here we have the "one more case" in an innumerable succession, the many past to be followed alas by the many more to come. This is sad enough, but when a salacious press, gloating on scandal, delighting in sensation, persistently pursues the case day after day, and tries with the flippancy of untrained minds to analyze, moralize and expand the gruesome facts which belong only to the court room, spreading in lurid headlines the pitiful catastrophe that overwhelms two unsuspecting young persons, it becomes a public calamity. The daily press has become a source of moral infection, reaching from the unguarded minds of school children to the sophisticated line of social leaders and society women, which crowded day by day, week after week the court room, women who craned their necks to hear the last drop of scandal, the ultimate details of the crime and criminals. The original tragedy has become an epidemic of vulgarity.

When great metropolitan dailies detail young and unmarried women as sleuths of scandal, forcing the limits of legality as well as of modesty, confusing lawyers and defying judges by their "discoveries" and their "scoops," we find modern journalism sinking into its yellowest depths.

The old journalistic plea that they "offer what the people want" is not true to social psychology. These papers create the appetite to which they promptly cater. They kindle the fires which they affect to extinguish.

We are glad the poor undisciplined boy is allowed to live. One crime is not corrected by another. Taking his life would not restore the life of the girl dear to her parents, beloved of companions, a cherished asset of society. But was it not a wasteful procedure? Why this awful prolonged agony, this useless and almost endless multiplication of words, entangling of witnesses and confusing of jurors?

The whole business is a conspicuous illustration of the way not to do it. The cause of truth and justice demands no such extravagant use of rhetoric and legal verbiage. It is a relief to have it all over with. Money and brains ought to have been put to better use.

"The Star of Ethiopia"

These are the days of pageants which divide with the moving picture show the popular method of education of the hour, perhaps of the day, perchance of the age. Among the significant and unique pageants reported in the current press none has been called to our attention that seems to embody more power, or to contain more educational value than the one under the above title, arranged by Dr. DuBois, designed to illustrate the history of religious faith in the negro race. We give below an account of the pageant in Philadelphia written by Elizabeth Powell Bond as published in the *Friends' Intelligencer*. Three pageants were presented during the Philadelphia yearly meeting and they are characterized as "memorable events" charged with great educational value, "for the hundreds of negroes who were actors in it and not less for those who saw the progress of events thus produced before them."

The story begins with the "Kushites," a tribe of African savages, and their worship of the Thunder God, who has to be propitiated by human sacrifice; and it is developed through this primitive period to the beginnings and progress of Christianity. Among the incidents pictured are plantation scenes of slaves at work in our own country; of the appeals of the abolitionists in their behalf; of John Brown giving his life; of the service of negro soldiers in the Civil War; and of the Freedmen at work, and at recreation. The Ghosts of Slavery interfere and try to establish the gibbet; but through the ministry of Ethiopia—the "Mother

of Men"—and the twelve apostles of negro Christianity memorialized in the pageant, the gibbet is changed to a crucifix

From the first call of the herald's far-reaching voice, "Hear ye! Hear ye!" to the noble climax of this tale from history, there was consistent progress from the primitive Thunder God to the crowning conceptions of the Law of Christ. Its hundreds of performers made possible a carnival of color in its picturesque scenes. Its orchestra and chorus accompanied all with music that alone would have made the evening worth while. That which might have been most harrowing was skillfully left to the imagination. That which might have incited to anger and malediction was thrown into the background by the final scene, happily characterized "The Vision Everlasting."

It is impossible to more than suggest the dignity and impressiveness of this closing scene, in which all the groups of all the scenes are gathered together for the upbuilding of the Pillar of Light. The Apostles lay the great foundation-stone on which is inscribed, "Fear of God." Then Ethiopia summons in turn the makers of their history. A band of Scholars attend the Freedmen as they place upon the foundation their stone inscribed, "Knowledge." Following these the Kushites come with their stone, "Labor." Next, the Egyptians contribute "Science," and the Mohammedans add "Justice." These are followed by the handmaidens of Art. Finally the multitude of star-bearing children come dancing with the capstone "Love," which is surmounted by the Cross of Christ.

It is not too much to say that in this lesson from history, and its presentation with power and with utmost refinement, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois has made a signal contribution to the fine art of Pageantry. But more far-reaching than this consideration is the stimulus to the best things in life which must have been felt by many, who embodied the conception, and by all who had mind and heart to receive its great message.

"Civilization"

The above is the title given to what is claimed to be the most pretentious, expensive and effective attempt yet made to lift the moving picture show to the higher levels of art, education and morals, a position which we believe it is destined to occupy. The fact that this, one of the highest triumphs of applied science known in the mechanical and industrial world, should have been siezed upon so promptly by those of lower tastes and sordid purposes is a reflection upon the intelligence and morality of our age not agreeable to contemplate. The best that can be said of the moving picture business, after all censorship and attempts to reform and elevate it are taken into account, is that the "shows" are not so bad as they used to be; but everything that is not positively coarse and directly vulgar is permitted to go, although the plot of the play may be so sensational, not to say so silly, that it would have no shadow of success if put on the stage of the legitimate drama. Thousands upon thousands of boys and girls, young men and young women, aye, their elders, too, flock to the movies daily and nightly to see the galloping horses, the speeding automobiles flying toward destruction, to witness audacious robberies, impossible elopements, mingled with absurd make-ups and shake-ups, scenes which afford no food for the mind or reinforcement to the will.

The most notable attempts to secure real artistic effects and to awaken civic pride and patriotic emotions, seem to be represented in the two popular photoplays entitled, "The Rise of the Nation" and "The Fall of the Nation." Both of these, to our mind, in spite, or, perhaps on account of, their artistic successes, are calculated to exert a malign influence over the susceptible youth of our country. The former arouses an appeal to race pride which deepens race antipathies, already lamentably overworked; the latter plays into the hands of the militarists, takes advantage of the tide of patriotic devotion that runs along the lower grooves of military preparedness, the efficiency of cannon and the piety of the bayonet.

It is high time, then, that the pacifist inspirations should be enforced by everything that art and applied science can devise. The photoplay that bears the above title is conceived in this spirit. It is claimed that over a million dollars have been expended in preparing the films. Surely as a show it is a gorgeous and an appealing one. The whole social gamut is traversed from lyric scenes of pastoral life through the first alarm on the village streets and the excitement of recruiting days, the agony of separation, crying children, weeping lovers, stolid fathers and mothers, to the awful carnage of battle, the despair of shipwreck, not omitting the birds of evil omen, the aeroplanes. These last are reproduced with a vividness and a reality which only the sun is capable of. The camera will not lie.

Of course the newspapers and the political critics who have been so glad to welcome the reinforcement that comes through war glorifying pictures, are quick to dismiss this war condemning play as being sensational, unpatriotic and untrue to life. But there are still left a few of the "Old Boys" who from '61 to '65 tasted of the bitter excitements of the battlefield and witnessed the awful realities of trench, charge and hospital, who know that the attempt to reproduce the realities on these lines fails from inadequacy rather than from over statement.

So we rejoice in this magnificent representation of the false lure of war, the horrible realities of the battlefield, the wicked triumphs of misplaced valor.

The American patriot will watch with anxiety the success of this drama. That it runs counter to the trend of current politics and is opposed to the philosophy affected by metropolitan papers, goes without the saying. We believe that it will find appreciation and endorsement in the hearts of the millions of plain men and honest women, the toilers of the United States, the men of sweat; and that the mothers of these will find in "Civilization" only endorsement of their feelings and a justification of their reluctance toward enlistment, a certain deep down, unanalyzed contempt for the logic of battle. The awful European spectacle notwithstanding, we must still believe that the twentieth century is largely instructed of the

Bible, and that the words of Jeremiah, Isaiah, Paul and the Nazarene Carpenter are being taken on their face value now as never before. The philosophy of force does not appeal to the American people whenever the philosophy of love is offered in contrast.

We wish all success to this great spectacle which reinforces the allusions of the eye with the co-operative human voice and the interpretative instrumental accompaniment.

THE SONGS OF THE WATER

The song of running water: adown the mountain side
The brown brook hurries to its tryst like bridegroom to his bride;
It tinkles through the frosty night and babbles all the day,
And foams in wild impatience at each hindrance by the way,
Till at the wood's dusk entrance it checks its arrowy rush
To hear the sighing of the pines, the vespers of the thrush;
It glides between its mossy banks in ripples sweet and cool,
Or pauses for the trout to leap in shadowy, rock-girt pool;
Then, "Follow—follow—follow!" it calls with laughing lure,
It sings the song of liberty, untrammeled, joyous, pure.

The song of running water: the meadow stream in tune
With all the sounds of summer and the golden lights of June;
It rests in clear, dark shallows beneath the dreaming trees,
Still mirror for the drifting fleets of heaven's argosies.
It purls in mimic eddies around the larger stones
And croons its lullaby of peace in lilting undertones;
"Oh, hush! Oh, hush!" it whispers to the trailing grasses green,
And to the shy forget-me-nots that o'er its current lean.
Who would not loiter with it along its winding ways?
It sings the song of idleness and long, bright, happy days.

The song of running water: the river's chanted hymn
From canyon walls that soar aloft like vast cathedral dim;
And where its leaping cataracts fling high their rainbow spray,
Like some great organ's solemn tones its rolling thunders play.
The valleys robe themselves in green where'er its wide reach flows,
And in its path the wilderness shall blossom as the rose.
Beside it shall the hungry a dwelling place prepare,
And plant the vines and sow the fields and reap their fruitage fair.
Past cities filled with toilers and grimy factory slaves,
With rush of mighty waters, soft sweep of racing waves,
It turns the wheels of labor and bears the ship to sea,
And sings the song of industry, untiring, glad, and free.

In St. Nicholas. —*Annie Johnson Flint.*

TO A POET.

When none besides was near to speak,
Thy singing spoke to me.
When sorrow seemed the loneliest,
Thy grief was company.

Thy loss was comrade to mine own,
Though years and seas apart;
I blessed thee for the brotherhood
That shared a broken heart!

No singing—nay, nor any sigh—
Hath stirred thy lips for long;
Yet I would thank thee with my tears,
Salute thee with a song!

In "A Walled Garden." —*Margaret Root Garvin.*

A GARDEN PRAYER.

That we were earthlings and of earth must live,
Thou knewest, Allah, and didst give us bread;
Yea,—and remembering of our souls—didst give
Us food of flowers;—thy name be hallowed.

Harper's Bazaar. —*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PULPIT

Christianity and Civilization's Crises

II.

Whence Come Wars

A Sermon Delivered at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Sunday Morning, July 16, 1916, by Harry Foster Burns.

Let us go for light on life a long way from the heated and crowded streets of Chicago, even to the hills of Judah, in the seventh century B. C. It is a time of prosperity. For fifty years the two little kingdoms of Judah and Israel have been at peace, receiving tribute from conquered territory, devoting their energies to the development of their resources, extending their commerce, enjoying a period of increasing wealth. The business men were saying, behold our prosperity, a sign of the nation's security. And the priests saw in that prosperity evidence of the favor of God. They were all worshippers of the God of things as they are. They blinked at the taker and the giver of bribes, the makers of lies, and heard not the cry of the many Naboths over the country who had been robbed of their vineyards by those who had the power and whose only excuse was that they wished them.

But here and there were men who saw differently; the unusual men who had the power of independent thought and the courage to utter their convictions, though their voice was like one crying in the wilderness. These men saw the prosperity of the country; but they saw, too, its wickedness; they saw the bribe-giving the bribe-taking, the corruption of justice, the luxurious idleness, the gross materialism, the rank oppression, the men who "sold the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes," and they knew the significance of this condition, as the priest and the business man did not. They saw moreover that this character was affecting the international relationships and leading Judah to disregard the sacredness of her treaties with Assyria and Egypt. And all this they knew meant national destruction. In a word they knew that all this violation of the fundamental laws of social organization—justice and good will—could have but one result; and they had the courage to declare the unwelcome truth. Hosea puts the message of these prophets thus: "For they sow the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind." The truth was with these bold independent thinkers, as history has proven many times since, and on this account we may find in their words help for the understanding of the things that are happening about us today. Whence come wars? We ask, and I know of no more fundamental and comprehensive answer than the words of this text from Hosea: "The nations have sown the wind and they are now reaping the whirlwind." We are gathering the harvest of a long sowing.

Whence come wars? We ask the question with insistence just because we thought the time for war between civilized peoples had passed. Civilization had builded great dykes, which it had thought would secure it against wars, and lo, just when it thought itself safe, trusting in commercial interests, in a common science and a common philosophy, trusting in the ter-

rible destructiveness of the instruments of war in the hands of the great nations—just then, suddenly as in a single night, the dykes broke and whole continents were flooded with a great devastating flood of armed hatred and barbarism. And all classes of men rushed to swell the flood of destruction. Peasants left their harvests ungathered to themselves to be mown down by a sharp and bloody scythe; scientists turned from their research in the interest of society to make more terrible the instruments of destruction; musicians left their instruments upon which they were wont to send forth those harmonies that ennobled and inspired the hearts of men to mingle their voices with the hoarse noise of the charging hosts; philosophers like Eucken, whom we had delighted to read, left the high level of humanity and descended to the low plain of brutality, justifying the whole barbarous business. And with terrible insistence every thoughtful mind asks, why? Why this war? Why this sudden descent to barbarism? The building we had thought almost complete, suddenly collapsed; where was the flaw? It is the very insistence with which this question is being asked that gives us hope. For, just as the business of this nation was to discuss the question of slavery during the four years of civil war; and by the end South as well as North was convinced that slavery was economically and morally wrong; so may we hope that this great war which is compelling all the nations of the earth to discuss the question of war, how it comes to be, and how it can be prevented; will result in some clear convictions upon which the world may act, thus ending war as the civil war ended slavery, through the education of the conscience of the people, to the place where they knew it ought to go.

In thinking about the question there is further encouragement in seeing how answers once given to our question no longer satisfy our minds. Once when there was war men said, God did it. Israel drove out the people of Canaan because they wanted the lands, and when it had been done they said God had ordered it. But that won't go today. War is hell and is in no sense of the word heaven-born. It is born in hell; in the hearts of men who are children of the evil one. It is man-made and the men who make it are evil men—devils. Once it was said that wars were fated, and some have said this war "had to be." But this can be said only when you have given the conditions which made it inevitable, and those conditions were made by blind, stupid, selfish men. Men who reason that war always has been and therefore always must be, fail to take account of history. Slavery once was and now is not—at least in the old sense. Duelling once was the method of settling questions of personal honor; but duelling is not now. So time may come when war is not. Not even the argument that it is the law of all life that there must be mutual struggle and the survival of the fittest convinces of the necessity of war; for while it is true this law operates in the lower forms of life; when it comes to human organization the fittest to survive are not those who continually make war upon their fellows, but who co-operate with others in ever larger numbers to make the earth yield its increase. Obeying the principle of good will men unite in ever larger groups for the conduct of business, in political organization, and in this co-operation they find their strength, and the mutual advantage of each member of the group. It is sometimes said that it is the nature of man to fight—True! Man is naturally a fighter. He likes to strike things, the pavement or railing with his cane, the post or tree with the thrown stone. His games—football and baseball—are organized expressions of this impulse. Virile men tend to crime, women and weak men to vice. Man, as man, is attacker, fighter. Intelligence and advancement does not mean that this quality is to be lost, but that it is to be directed into new channels; it is to come to expression in attacking in conflict against things which injure mankind, rather than in conflict between man and man, wasteful and deadly to all who engage in it. None of these explanations yet tell us why war is today.

Wars come partly from medieval forms of government. They are because men who have never borne the burdens of life, who by their very birth and rearing are incapacitated for sympathy with the people who carry the burden of war; they come because these men have the power to declare war. And when it is declared there is nothing left for the individual to do but fight, or at best seem to be a traitor to his country, and at the worst be shot for refusing to obey his government. These governments think in terms of abstractions. The government is a sort of God. It has divine right. The common man is but a tool, a chess upon the board to be moved about and destroyed at the will of the monarch. The war is made by the ambition and the jealousy of kings. And yet this is not the whole truth, for even in monarchy the people must be with the government else there could not be a great and lasting war. No, the roots of war go much deeper. We must find them and pull war up by the roots. It cannot be otherwise exterminated; just as dandelions cannot be exterminated except as they are pulled up root and all.

Some of these roots we may mention. And first there is the survival of tribalism. Men's moral thinking is done in the terms of self, family, social class, industrial group, section of the country, the nation, and very rarely in terms of humanity. The sense of moral obligation, of sympathy, has been slowly developed. Its extension marks the spiritual development of the individual; and very few men have the imagination, the disposition to put themselves in the stead of the man who lives under another flag, except perhaps it be one from which they or their fathers have emigrated. They have not lived there; they know not the people who do; they need the argument of Shylock, "If you prick me will I not bleed?" The story of Romona, now being exhibited at the Auditorium, has this to its credit, that it makes vivid to the mind of all observers the unsympathetic, immoral treatment of the Indians and the Mexicans by the white people in lower California. It helps us to see that those Indians and those Mexicans married as we do, built homes as we do, loved their children as we do, and they felt toward those who sometimes ruthlessly robbed them of homes and killed their friends and relatives very much as we should feel. That's the truth not yet appreciated. Tribalism remains. It remains in America. If we had the power to place ourselves where the Mexicans are, read only Mexican papers, talk only to Mexican people, hear told again and again the stories of injustices done the Mexi-

can people by men from the United States anxious to get possession of the riches of that country; remembering the time when the country to the north made war and took away a part of our territory, and then see that same country send an army far into our country and keep it there for months, would we not be ready to fight for the defense of our country even under the leadership of a general in whom we did not altogether believe. War is rooted in the survival of tribalism, in an overstrained nationalism, whose god is the God of that nation alone. Evidence of this was furnished in the prayers to the God of each nation offered at the beginning of the present war. Only here and there were men who felt the inconsistency of this. The canon of Westminster refused to pray for the success of the British soldiers, saying that it would be incompatible with his faith. Pastor Lahusen, who occupies Schleiermacher's old pulpit in Berlin, raised his voice against the awful "hymn of hate," saying that God was one and had made of one all nations. This is the exception; were it the rule war would not be. War is rooted in a tribal patriotism that has never sworn allegiance to the higher government, the government of right and love, where "there is neither Greek nor barbarian, bond nor free."

Again war springs from the violation of the great organizing law of human society,—love, or good will. War, whether it be political or industrial, is the nemesis of violated good will. L. P. Jacks of Oxford said the war came because some nations wanted to fight. The explanation is entirely too simple. Why did they want to fight? There must have been a great accumulation of "wanting to fight" to bring such a war. And this there was. The inclination came as the result of a long sowing of the seeds of ill-will, suspicion, jealousy, hatred. The bond of union, the bond of peace, in all human association is created and sustained by fair-dealing, justice, the cultivation of good will, by loving service. This law is as fundamental to all human association as is the law of gravitation in the physical world. And this law has been long flagrantly violated, there could be but one consequence, the natural nemesis of such violation. The violation of the law of good will, mutual love and respect, in the home means conflict, suspicion, jealousy, hatred, the destruction of the home. Disregard of justice, failure to observe the law of mutual good will, disobedience to the law of love, are not these the roots, the seeds from whence we have all the strikes and the lockouts, which have placed such a burden upon our society? Strikes are the nemesis of the violation of the law of love, which is ever the organizing law of human association. And it is not different in the field of international relations. Good will must bind nations together, if they are to be at peace. But the sowing has been the opposite. Disregard of the moral law as working between nations, even the bold teaching of this principle, a forsaking of the principles of justice and fairness, a secret diplomacy that was traitor to the truth, intrigue that placed its confidence only in the cunning of men, this was the story, sordid and sad. Having forsaken the God of Justice, the God of love, the nations could only put their trust in the God of might. They increased their armaments, saying to themselves this was the way to insure peace. The blindness, the stupidity, the wickedness of it all is almost incomprehensible. True each said self-defense, that is our reason. But did they not see that every added battleship was a standing insult to their neighbor, for it said to the world, "of course we would not be guilty of any unrighteousness in our dealings with you; but we know we cannot trust you to do the right or heed considerations of justice, therefore we must prepare to speak to you in the only language which you will heed—the greater force." This was to sow again the seed of suspicion, of fear and hatred. That was the sowing from which we have the harvest. This sowing persistently followed with increasing zeal, created an atmosphere of fear and hatred, which was like the meteorological conditions preceding a great storm, from which the war broke with the suddenness of lightning from heaven. This was inevitable, but men made the conditions which brought this inevitability. They made them because of their lack of insight into the law of human organization, their lack of faith in spiritual forces; because of their paganism.

And now we come to the last and most important thing that ought to be said. This war came because of an irreligious view of the world and of life. Great wide areas of the world's life were uninfluenced, uninspired by anything like what could be called a religious view of the world. True there were churches in every civilized land. Their spires above the surrounding roofs pointing to heaven; but these churches for the most part did not grip the hearts of the people with any commanding heavenly vision, that had potency for this life. They did not even interpret religion as a guide to business and political action. These charging steeds of the modern world were running without bit or bridle of any religious motivation of life. A few weeks before this war started I attended church in Hamburg, Germany; but the preacher had never dreamed that a sermon ought to be potent for directing the surging life of that prosperous city. He was heard by but a handful of old people. The virile manhood of that city, and of that empire was in the beer gardens, in the autos, or at its business, all uninfluenced by the teaching of the church. Of course there were exceptions, men who did preach a gripping vital gospel, but they were the exception that proved the rule. Nor was it far different in other countries. St. Paul's, London, built by a tax on coal, a burden to the poor for the glory of the state; housing only a perfunctory and formal church service, entirely devoid of the potency which alone could challenge and transform life, is expressive of what I mean. The church of Europe was for the most part the creature of the state, of the public opinion of the time, and not the maker of that opinion. From the standpoint of the existing governments the churches were harmless. They did not represent a religious valuation of life, beyond that of the state. The thought, the life of the day had turned from the worship of the God of righteousness, the God of justice, the God of love, and had set up the worship of the nets by which it made the great catches, to the worship of the God of might, in which it foolishly thought to find security. It was an irreligious, a pagan conception of life that dominated the mind of Europe, and out of this war came. The church had preached a God who when he became angry with a people would

destroy them in an eternal hell, why then might not his people treat their enemiés without mercy?

And here is the great challenge to the church. Never was there greater! Let statesmen go forward as they may building anew the house of international relationships, and God speed their work. But it will rest upon the sand unless beneath is a public opinion, free from the awful delusion that to murder at the command of a government is glorious, free from the narrow tribalism that cannot see right in international questions, free from the false patriotism that says "my country right or wrong," free from the worship of the God of Might; unless beneath is firm conviction that right is greater than might, the only enduring foundation for any permanent human association; the firm conviction that love is mightier and nobler than hatred. This is the faith that must win the victory over war, and bring the reign of peace to the troubled field of industrial relations, and to the parliament of the world. Once man got his wife by capture, and held her by force; but he has found a better way; now if he be a good man, and wise, he gets her by winning her heart through love, and holds her to him by the power of respect, loving fidelity and service. By these spiritual forces he binds her to him with a bond that is stronger than death. This has been the history of human association. It points the way that nations must go. Instead of sending an army to Mexico to make us hate her, we should have long ago learned to deal justly with these backward people; we should have sent teachers, doctors, builded hospitals and orphanages; by these deeds of love bound her people to us in the only way in which we can insure our interests and bring an abiding peace on the American continent. This is, or ought to be, the faith of the church, for it is surely the philosophy of human conduct taught by Jesus. The great challenge to the church to go forth with this gospel, forgetting her denominationalism which in the light of this task can have no meaning, through the power of education, the press, the pulpit, and every possible instrument furnished by our modern world, get hold of the minds and the hearts of the people, impress this truth upon them, and enlist them in this great war, which is indeed a war against war. Having sown to the wind and now reaping the whirlwind, the world should be ready it would seem to receive the seeds of good will and sacrificial love, the harvest of which will be everlasting peace.

Mexican Intervention

It is affirmed that American intervention means a large increase of gas, oil and gold territory in American hands.

There are the Europeans who are trying to make us clash with Mexico at this time and the speculators, hungry for gains, that desire war.

Of course our border should be made safe, and bandits must be hunted down, but when this is done all troops should be withdrawn, for we should remember, as Stoughton Cooley of *The Public* says: "This is Mexico's revolution."

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

The College-boy of a Hundred Years Ago

If the magazines are filled with tales of how the modern college student surpasses his predecessors in intellect, in habits of thought, in keeping in touch with the world, it remains for them to take a series of documents recently unearthed in Hartford, Connecticut, and prove thereby that the undergraduate of nearly a century ago was very similar to the thriving young gentleman of the American college today.

These particular papers, according to the Hartford *Courant*, consist of a variety of data kept by Edward Ruggles Landon of Guilford, who entered Yale College in 1829, graduated with his class, and after a few eventful years in the Middle West, returned to his native town and spent there the large part of his life, dying there in 1883. But the curious and fortunate thing is that he kept, even up to his death, the relics of his youthful life. Every minor document is represented, themes he wrote in college, letters written to him while there, the stage tickets he bought for his journey West, his law school diary—in short, a picturesque array of intimate papers which now remain as mute reporters of older times and bygone customs.

Not only what a Yale student thought and did during his college years, but glimpses of life at other colleges are given, too. Williams, Rutgers and Union, from 1829 to 1833, are revealed in these remarkably interesting documents. And the romance of his life, a series of events stretching over but a few years, is also touched upon, and this old-time love of a youth for a maiden blooms again through musty papers and faded letters. Among the details we learn of the times, the *Courant* gives as follows:

The record of his freshman year at Yale is faint and consists solely of the bills from the college and the bond by which Nathaniel R. Landon was "holden and firmly bounden and obliged unto the President and Fellows of Yale College and to Stephen Twining, steward of said college, in the sum of $500," to pay the lawful expenses of young Edward. It was witnessed by Rev. Aaron Dutton, pastor of the First Congregational Church, who was himself bonded in like manner for two of his own sons who were then in college and were chums of young Landon.

In 1830, however, it appears that Landon had made friends at college, and also that the faculty had, for the good of the institution, asked some of the students to quit. Obligingly enough they did so, and, from other seats of learning they wrote to Landon at New Haven. One of them went to Rutgers College, and in a letter to Landon dated November 28, 1830, he writes:

"My situation here, in many particulars, is agreeable, my boarding-house is pleasant and its occupants kind. The faculty of college appear quite competent to instruct and treat the students with kindness and respect, acting toward us more like associates than masters, and manifesting no haughty authority. You cannot easily imagine the difference between this faculty and that of Yale. These here converse with us as fellow students and endeavor to govern us with as much mildness and affection as possible. I am now convinced of the fact, which has been truly said, that the officers at Yale are more oppressive and haughty in their system of government than any other faculty in the Union. But you well know that they are too mean to live, at least one-half of them. The friends

which I have left at Yale serve still to endear it to me and I shall ever remember it with regret and sorrow. But I still think that the faculty of that college treated my class with oppression and injustice, and I would again act the same part in similar circumstances, thinking it the most noble and honorable of my whole life."

He writes in the same letter that twelve of the "rebels" are at Rutgers. He was far from home, as other letters show that he came from Louisiana and received his education in the North. The last letter from him, some two years later, left him in the graduating class at Union College.

Another friend had entered Williams College, and he writes under date of November 13, 1830, telling of his trip from New Haven to Williamstown. He went by boat from New Haven to Albany, thence by stage to Bennington, Vt., and from Bennington to Williamstown. His description of Williams College follows:

"It is a very moral place here, a fellow can't do anything bad if he wishes to. They have temperance societies in town which exclude the use of wine, and there are college laws which forbid the use of it among the students, and laws of the town which subject every merchant and tavern keeper to heavy fines if they are detected selling either spirits or wine to the students. There is no way to get into a scrape (as it is here called) except by going out into the hall and hollowing and then running and getting into bed and putting out your candle. Sometimes they venture to sing psalms, after locking the door and hanging a cloth over the keyhole. But a fellow must be very bold and reckless to do this. There are a great proportion here of what at Yale College would be called Tappanites, who study like the devil and who get up at three or four in the morning."

The student who wrote the above letter had been one of Landon's boyhood friends and they were intimate during the lifetime of the Williams student. He was not, however, Landon's only friend at Williams, for another, named Nathan, wrote as follows:

"O Lord, Ed, if you could only see the girl I am in love with now! She is a very angel. Her father is an eminent lawyer in New York State—he has only two daughters—this the youngest—the other is engaged to be married in August next. He is worth $150,000. Hem! Helen is about sixteen, rather tall, just the right size, not an inch too tall. A most beautiful, lovely face, large black eyes, soft and melting orbs, full of love and passion. She is very accomplished, lively, interesting, agreeable, imaginative, fond of poetry, especially Moore's. Do you wonder that I fell in love with her? I have written to her and have received an answer, signed, 'Your attached Helen.' . . If there is any student in your college who would like to loan $2,000 on d—d good security, just inform me. There are a couple of little ponies here that I want to buy."

It is a curious fact that all the students of the time represented themselves as being madly in love with one damsel after another, and the maids themselves who wrote to Landon showed much the same tendencies. In fact, they displayed very little of the retiring nature we are wont to ascribe to the young ladies of the period, and were rather more outspoken about their feelings than most youths are today. How many sophomores today would write to a friend or relative (barring the intimacy existing between chums) as Landon's cousin, Molly, wrote to him? She was educated in the Hartford Female Seminary, and among the interesting and confidential missives she sent him appears the following about an unknown Mr. Dunn, who seems to have fallen short of the young lady's expectations regarding what a suitor's initiative should be. She writes:

"Where could you hear that Mr. Dunn kissed me? He did not, I can tell you; he would not dare attempt such a thing. And besides, when he departed mother was present and he could find no opportunity." She writes in the same letter that she has become reconciled to being a spinster, and adds, casually, that she was eighteen years old last Monday.

Landon had other letters. During Landon's senior year at college one of his friends, Simeon Palmer, walked from New Haven to Mount Washington and sent letters back at occasional intervals. He spent a night at Granby and says that when he entered the tavern he said to the landlord, "Can you let me have a supper?" "Well," says he, "I don't know. I can give you some bacon and eggs, I s'pose," and he goes on: "This morning at breakfast there was no milk on the table. I asked the landlady if she had milk. 'No,' she said, 'we ain't got no milk 'cause our cow ain't calved yet.'"

Landon was graduated in 1833, as has been said, and the graduation exercises were held on August 21, and he carefully saved the program as he did that of the commencement ball which was held in Franklin Hall that evening. The commencement program was imposing and was run in two sections, there being eighteen numbers in the morning and ten in the afternoon, indicating that parents of the young men proposed to find out at the start how much education their sons had received for the money expended.

After his graduation Landon went home to Guilford, where he spent his time in walking with the various pretty girls then abounding in the town. His father kept a store, but Edward was not required to work therein, partly because it did not appear to be necessary and partly because his health was poor.

The chances are that he led a fairly care-free existence for nearly a year, and then determined to enter the Yale Law School, and at the same time he determined to begin a diary in which the first entry is on October 1, 1834. On October 3 he wrote that he was delayed in starting for New Haven, but, he writes, he went to bed at 1 a. m. of the 4th, got up at three, and started on foot for New Haven, eighteen miles away, and reached the city at 6 o'clock in the morning, which was making fairly good time.

For October 4 he writes: "Arrived at 6 o'clock and in the course of the day entered the law school and took board at Mr. Johnson's at $2.25 a week, went to bed tired and almost had double refined horrors." He soon got settled and on October 7 he wrote: "Not very well today. Called at Miss Burgess's; Miss Hannah gaped one hundred times and told part of a story seventy-nine times, sufficient for one day, 'twas an interesting story."

October 10: "Had my room cleaned by two thunder clouds; spent the evening at Miss Dennison's and got beat at chess; went to Mrs. Baldwin's and sat an hour eating citron and sugar; spent the night with Michael."

He writes on October 14 that recitations will be omitted for two weeks, and on the 16th he walked to

Guilford by way of the North Branford road, making the trip from the city to his home near the southwest corner of the Green in three and one-half hours, which he justly wrote was a "quick walk." He explained that riding in the stage made him ill.

Most of his evenings for the next fortnight were spent with Anna Lay. Then he walked back again to New Haven, and three days later, with Michael Baldwin, he walked from the city to and around Mount Carmel, a matter of twenty miles, and was still able to call on a young woman in the evening.

He returned to the law school, but soon another recess was declared and he was back in Guilford on December 23 and attended a Christmas day service in the Episcopal Church. "Heard a very good sermon by Mr. Bennett," he writes.

On December 28, Sunday, he writes: "Attended church in the afternoon and heard a sermon on universal peace; altogether, in my opinion, a wild and visionary thought, inconsistent and impossible. In the evening at Mrs. Lay's."

He went to New Haven on January 6 and was sufficiently rested to say that he was able to call on six different young women in five days, to say nothing of the evening of January 12: "Attended a party at Miss Sherman's in the evening; there were six gentlemen and four ladies; she expected more. However, we passed a very pleasant evening; had fortune telling and I had very good luck. I went home with Miss Van Cleve."

On January 20 he wrote: "Beautiful day, had a letter from Rebekah, spent the evening at Johnson's with the Misses Tullys; went home with one of them, but did not know which one until afterward. She walks one hundred steps to the inch."

April 1: "Received a note from unknown person containing an April-fool card—took a short walk—in the evening went with Martha up to Deacon Whiting's to see Miss Williams, an old acquaintance, a fine girl; a pleasant visit and she asked me to call again. Then called at H. B.—'s and found her cross as thunder."

On April 6 he went home, and he writes: "Election day—great excitement—called on Anna in the morning and at the parson's. Went up to the town house at 9 o'clock to be made a freeman, when I had some conversation with Uncle Tim, of rather a ludicrous character, and few words with some others. Took the freeman's oath, then came the tug of war. Oh, the sufferings of his day! Villainous smells, vile contacts, awful squeezings between masses of corruption. Here is to be found every variety, the lame, the blind, halt and maimed, deaf and dumb, old and young, drunk and sober, black and white, green and yellow, all jammed into small one room, a beautiful specimen of universal suffrage, equal rights and pure democracy. The wigs carried the day by a majority of one. I stuck by to the last."

Evidently Landon was not greatly in love with universal suffrage.

Law students had various duties or obligations in the early '30's, for Landon writes under date of May 27: "Called at Mrs. Peck's in the evening. Mrs. Hughes came in after a hen, so we formed a procession, the company, hen, eggs, straw, lantern; we finally set the old hen comfortably and departed."

But even the most fortunte of young men have off-days, for he writes on July 12: "Sunday. Stayed at home all day. In the evening called on Mary and got into hot water; found they kept Sunday strictly and I evaporated in a hurry. Went to church and went home with E. Peck and Miss Jane, and I have got to go to the picture gallery with them."

His course at the law school was nearing the end. On August 10 Kate and Anna Lay came to New Haven! He writes: "We all took a ride about the city, and in the evening we walked until after ten and had an opportunity to see the trees and the State House by moonlight."

On the 12th he took the girls to the college and showed them the telescope, the cabinet and the picture gallery. In the afternoon they went out to East Rock as he wrote, and West Rock as he meant, for he says he "returned by way of Westville, tired almost to death."

On August 17 he writes: "Called on Hitchcock for my certificate, not a word said by either. At 10 o'clock I went up to the clerk's office and was examined by White, Hinman and Robinson, and after dinner, at 3 o'clock, Judges Darling and Bassett admitted me to the Connecticut bar. It cost me ten dollars."

The Courant closes its little sketch of this interesting college man's doings by quoting his account of commencement day, August 19. Even now, after eighty years, the sunshine of the day and the general pleasant atmosphere seem to live through his succinct recital, as we read:

"Went to church in the morning with Mary Elliott and Miss Brooks. Kate stayed about half the morning and was sick and left church. Eighteen of our class met at dinner and had a plenty of cider. After dinner adjourned to Tutor Russell's and took some wine and refreshments. Then went in procession to church and went home with the Pecks. After tea went with the Bulkleys and E. Huggins to York Place and spent the evening. Had good cake and wine."

It was getting toward the end of his playtime, but he remained in New Haven until August 27, when he went home to Guilford, a real attorney at law, with nothing more serious before him than to make a name and a fortune for himself—and Anna.

The Literary Digest.

A POET

Into a tissue of remembered things
  He weaves the moonbeams and the threads of mist,
And colors it with sweet imaginings,
  Cloudy embroideries, by sunset kissed.

He sees among the dewdrops on the ferns
  The fleeting prototype of children's tears,
And in the music of the running burns
  The pent-up laughter of a thousand years.

Along the dear, familiar paths he knows
  The sign that marks the crossing of the way,
The dreams that haunt the petals of the rose,
  And all the wonders of a quiet day:

So glide away the years with minstrelsy—
The magic of his boundless fantasy.

—*Eleanor Esher.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the First Christian Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XIX.

St. Francis of Assisi—1182-1226

The Coming of the Friars.

Dr. Lewis B. Fisher, Leader

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

TEXT: *"Francis of Assissi loved God and everything God made. He loved all things and called them Father, Mother, Sister, Brother."*

There has never been a time or place in which it has not seemed to some people, possessing religious or social ideals, that the only way to advance those ideals is to form a society or community of all who hold them. As far back as history goes, therefore, we find in Egypt and in Greece, esoteric and exoteric societies;—the first for the wise, initiated, inner circle, the second for common folks. The Nazarites and the Essenes figure in the New Testament and Jesus was often sorely criticised because he refused to join any such society and insisted on eating with publicans and sinners. Almost from the beginning these groups of men or women, who went apart from the world in the interest of some ideal, are found in the history of the church.

There are always two kinds of movements of this sort: one, of those who go alone, the hermits, ascetics; the other, of groups, such as the monasteries. The most famous of those who lived the solitary life was St. Anthony, who was born about 250 and who is said to have lived a hundred and five years. Another solitary was Simon Stylites, who from about 150 lived for fifty years on the top of a pillar sixty feet high. Such men were extravagantly admired.

Generally, however, there was a group of these monks under an Abbott in a "Laura," or set of buildings, on a farm which the monks worked. Each had his own cell, however, and the rule of silence and solitude prevailed. We have seen the Benedictines and Cistercians and, during the Crusades, the Templars and Hospitallers and Knights, the orders of Chivalry and many others. In modern times we see a similar idea expressed in the Masons, the secret societies and in such social experiments as Brook Farm, Hopedale, the Quakers, Oneida Community and many other such.

As to whether the monastic ideas of the Middle Ages were harmful or otherwise remains a question. The great majority of the orders disappeared in a century or two which proves, perhaps, that they ceased to be useful. One thing that may be said about all of them, is that they started small, with pure and high ideals and a few great names of saints like Bernard and Benedict, but that they soon grew too large, corrupt, rich, full of greed and graft and sin. The rotten condition into which practically all the great monasteries fell is amply seen in the letters of their noblest founders and most loving admirers. Another thing that may be said about all of them is that they did not try to save the world, but to withdraw from it and save themselves before the old hopeless wreck went down in God's eternal wrath. Although they grew very rich, Pope Innocent III was evidently disturbed about them and in 1215 ruled that no new monastic groups should be formed.

We have seen the wonderful awakening of the intellectual life under Abelard, the founder of the University of Paris. Paris was the mother of many universities and hundreds and thousands of young men, eager and hungry for learning, were flocking to them. Men were turning from an immense interest in knightly contests of chivalry to the real battle, which is always of ideas. All over Europe there was an awakening, a kind of quivering expectancy as to what was the truth for a man to think.

The Church of Rome had not much to offer to the awakening intellect of Europe. The church did almost no teaching or preaching. Ritual was everything. Form and ceremony was all the bishops and priests offered to Europe. Elaborate masses, prayers, shows, pictures, ceremonies, might satisfy the eye but were not particularly nourishing to brains. Innocent III made confession compulsory but woe to any man who dared confess he had an idea in his head. Practically the church met the awakening of the intellect by putting the lid on and sitting on it to hold it down. This lid took the form of the Inquisition, and as a squelcher of all original new ideas the inquisition has never had an equal. And it was thus that the conservative forces of the church answered those who dared to humbly ask, "Please may I think?"

But there was always a radical side in the church although in the minority. In 1189 Peter Waldo asked Pope Alexander III if he might establish a company of traveling mission preachers to go all over Europe and teach these awakening men and women. The Pope could not see it and the Waldensians, who rebelled and became heretics in the eyes of the church, have made him and his successors a heap of trouble since. Many other sects and parties had the same experience.

In 1215, the same year that Pope Innocent III decided that there should be no more monastic orders formed, two men appeared and asked permission to found new orders. One of them came from Spain, Dominic, and the other from Assisi, St. Francis. They both were devout churchmen and wanted to establish orders of traveling mission preachers, Friars. They saw the awakening and inquiring people and wanted to teach them. It would not, perhaps, seem to us that the sort of preaching that those Friars did was particularly nourishing intellectually or spiritually. But that is because we are wicked Protestants.

When Francis made his plea to the Pope he was not well dressed nor very clean, both of which things he considered worldly sins. The Pope told him to vanish and take a bath and get some respectable clothes. But that night his Holiness began to think, it is said, had a vision. The devil had stirred up the

people and they were demanding the right to think. Heretics were encouraging this awful sin. Why would it not be a good thing to send out some church preachers who would teach the people safe and sound doctrine. So as a piece of good politics he gave to Dominic and Francis permission to form the two great orders of Franciscan and Dominican Friars. We are not quite sure but tradition has it that Dominic and Francis had several friendly interviews. We do know the Orders they founded met often and there was never any love lost between them. In less than twenty-five years an army of thirty to a hundred thousand Friars were traveling the world over teaching the people the truth as the church had received it.

This army never cost the pope a cent. Every man in it had vowed to take Poverty as his bride, to live by begging from door to door. The sure way to salvation was to leave all one's property to the Friars. They could not hold it as individuals under their vows but as corporations, so became very productive to the church.

There is considerable similarity in the lives of Dominic and Francis. Both were born into positions of wealth and social standing. Francis was the son of Peter Bernadone, a rich merchant of Assisi who loved pomp and fashion and everything that was French. He named his son Francis, loved him dearly and encouraged him to live like a Prince.

When Francis was twenty-four the same thing happened to him that happened to the rich young man who came to Jesus, or that happened to Prince Siddartha, who became Buddha, or which happened to the young millionaire who committed suicide in Chicago recently. It is a sort of weariness, disgust, despair. There is something about the human soul that the whole world cannot satisfy. Francis had the courage the rich young ruler did not have. He married his one sweet bride, my Lady Poverty, and they were never divorced. He broke away from the gay, brilliant social life of which he was the wittiest, the handsomest, the most popular, even stripping himself of the clothes his Father had bought him, to live a life of service. We read that he cared for lepers, even the most repulsive, and rebuilt the churches of Assisi by begging and carrying stones one by one. There was nothing sombre about the piety of Francis. He was full of love and joy, and smiling with happiness. Disciples began to increase and lived by rule from three texts, "If thou wilt be perfect sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," "Take nothing for your journey," "If anyone would come after me let him take up his cross and follow me." After receiving permission from the Pope, Francis went everywhere, even to the Holy Land, and preached to the Sultan. In a few years thirty thousand Franciscan Friars were preaching. Fifty years after the death of Francis Dante describes the Franciscan and Dominican leaders in Paradise (Canto's XI and XII).

He founded two additional orders, "The Little Brothers of Poverty," and later a third order for devout men and women who had to live in the world, but who took vows of simple, devout living.

If Francis loved the beautiful girl Clara, whom he often saw in Assisi, it was a spiritual love of most exalted character. Clara became the head of an order of women, the little sisters of the "Poor Claras," which spread all over Europe.

Francis made a wonderful impression on his age and on the world. He can teach us blessed lessons of love for all animals and plants, our little brothers and sisters. He can teach us that no needless pain or wanton wasteful destruction should be visited on anything that God has made. He can teach us to do our work in quietness of heart, full of love and joy. The Catholic Church believes that during the last two years of Francis's life he bore the "stigmata." These were the wounds of Christ. Francis was mystic as was Bernard of Clairvaux, but we like him better than Bernard for one thing at least. Bernard's ideal was to withdraw from the world and hide in a monastery. Francis's idea was to go into all the world and live the Gospel and preach it to every creature, human, subhuman, superhuman.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What are the dates of St. Francis?
(2) What were the ideals of early monks?
(3) How had they changed?
(4) Give origin of Waldenses.
(5) What was St. Francis's attitude toward all God's creatures—man or animal?

A Teacher's Ten Commandments

"1.—Thou shalt ever remember thy high calling as a teacher, for behold, the destinies of the nation are in thy hand.

"2.—Thou shalt hold before thee the highest ideals and shalt not let the good rob thee of the best.

"3.—Thou shalt ever remember that the true end of all education is the development of moral character and that what thou art is a more potent teacher than what thou sayest.

"4.—Thou shalt worship the pure soul of the child and shalt ever remember that thy mission is to draw out the divinity that lies enfolded in the child heart.

"5.—Thou shalt consecrate thyself to know the truth, to serve the truth and to manifest the truth, knowing that the least admixture of falsehood will weaken the whole character.

"6.—Thou shalt be loyal to thy principal, thy school, thy fellow teachers, thy board of education and thy superintendent, knowing that only through goodwill, harmony and hearty co-operation can worthy results be obtained.

"7.—Thou shalt be an optimist, holding sure thy faith in God, in man and in life eternal; thou shalt not let the irritating cares of the schoolroom fret thee, but thou shalt radiate cheerfulness, patience, courage and love.

"8.—Thou shalt teach the larger patriotism, to wit, thou shalt love thy country with undying devotion, but shalt hold all mankind within the embrace of thy sympathy and love.

"9.—Thou shalt ever be a student and a learner, keeping thy heart open to the new knowledge of every day, knowing that the youngest and the least educated may teach thee something and that the experiences of life are better text books than the most profound treatises.

"10.—Thou shalt keep thy young enthusiasms undimmed nor lose the inspiration of a great ambition."

Los Angeles, Cal. *Reginald E. Blight.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of UNITY:

The extract from Rev. Charles E. Jefferson's book "What the War is Teaching," which you reprint in last week's UNITY, cries out for a wider audience, wider even than that reached by your magazine and by the book.

More people should read this vivid and compelling and absolutely truthful analysis and arraignment of "Armed Peace" (that hideous misnomer). More of our men and women should be put in possession of the facts which he has gathered, and which are so splendidly summed up in this extract.

Can we not have a "dime contribution" for re-prints? I will cheerfully give five dimes and will get others to contribute, if you will send me copies of the magazine to mail to my friends.

I would like to see this put into every hymn book in every church and synagogue in the country.

BLANCHE WATSON.

Southwest Harbor, Maine
July 5th, 1916.

Editor "Unity":

I am requested by the British and Foreign Christian Association to transmit to you for publication the following resolution adopted with cordial unanimity at its recent annual meeting in London:

"That the Association extends to those in all lands who are striving to unite pure religion and perfect liberty its sincere sympathy in these dark and troubled times, and trusts that before long a just and lasting peace may be established among the peoples of the world, and that fellowship and co-operation may be renewed among all those who retain their faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

Respectfuully,
CHARLES W. WENDTE,
General Secretary International Congress of Free Christians and Other Religious Liberals.

THE GRIP OF EVIL.

Is the world hell-bent? This question is forcing itself upon us. The Great War seems to have let loose all the latent savagery of men. Millions of human creatures are tearing each other to pieces like mad dogs. The love of country is expressing itself in hate of another country. Patriotism is functioning in diabolism. And kaiser, czar and sultan prate of God!

In our own country many see evidences of a collapse less violent but no less profound. Crass Materialism with its sister, Luxury, rules. Old ideas, old moralities are crumbling. We are asking with the gentleman from Texas, "Where are we at?" And the only answer seems to be that of Mr. Dooley, "We don't know where we're goin', but we're on our way."

Watchman, what of the night?

I am a watchman. For my only office in the world is that of Bystander. I sit in my study and watch mankind, with what intelligence I may possess. It is a troubled night,

"So full of ghastly sights and horrid sounds
That, as I am a Christian, sober man,
I would not pass another such night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days."

* * * * *

The unlocking word of history, as far back as the records run, is Progress. The world has been bumped, weltered, smashed and wabbled along through the centuries. But it has always wabbled—up. We have never returned to stay, to any quagmire we have wallowed through. When men quit gladiatorial games they could never go back to them. When they abandoned human sacrifices as a part of religion they could never resume them. The milestones of our onward journey are conspicuous. Once all gentlemen fought duels. Once black men were slaves in the United States. Once piracy was recognized and licensed. Once despots deprived their subject of liberty and life without trial. It is unthinkable that we could adopt again the arguments of twisted conscience that justified these things.

As never again will a heretic be burnt for his opinion in Europe, and as never again will a man, because of his color, be held as a slave in America, so the time is sure to come when never again will the World pact allow two nations to go to war.

We have come a long way; we have a long way to go.

* * * * *

We grow from institution to institution. We grow ever from smaller to larger groups. Humanity began as isolated individuals; it will mature in the World State.

Our intelligence outruns our customs.

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And customs adjust themselves to advancing intelligence only by violence. Every custom becomes buttressed by self-interests, greed, pride and all the cramping passions of man's lower nature. The trouble just now is that we have a Twentieth Century intelligence bound down in the Eighteenth Century institutions. For instance, the Nation, with its attendant passion, Patriotism.

The nation is an anachronism. None of the business of human activity uses it. For example, Science knows no fatherland. Music has no country. Art belongs to the world. Literature is becoming universal. Commerce recognizes no boundaries, except by the annoying, unbusinesslike artificialities of tariffs. The most important religion of the world is Christianity, which is not ethnic, whose core of emphasis indeed is Universal Brotherhood. Thus have we grown a World Consciousness. And we have nothing but Nations to put it in, politically.

* * * * *

Democracy is upon us. It is not coming. It is here. It is in all of the thought and life of men. It cannot continue to operate under medieval forms. All our sufferings now are due to our effort to burst through these forms.

* * * * *

Intelligent optimism recognizes evil, does not call black white, opposes injustice. It does not say that all is well. It says that all is getting better.

And it says that I am put here to help along; part of the burden of making things better rests on my shoulders; hence, to work!

This is intelligent Faith, without which man can do nothing; with which he can remove mountains.

The world is not in the Grip of Evil. The world is in the Grip of God.

I believe this, not because I want to, but because I have to. As Rivarol says: "God is a necessity to our mind, as He is to the universe, to save us from the chaos and the anarchy of thought. The idea of God delivers our mind from its agony of confusion, and our heart from its vast solitude."

—*Frank Crane.*

The National Sunday Magazine.

"Brevity may give Wit a soul, but it takes Quotation to make it immortal."

CHUMS.

You see, we three,
Fred, Joe an' me,
Is chums.
W'en I "hullo!"
To Fred or Joe,
He comes.

'Most every day
We go an' play
Somew'eres.
If I've a bun
An' they have none,
We shares.

We all kin slide;
An' Fred can ride
An' swim
An' make a kite!
I think a sight
Of him.

An' Joey, too,
He helps us do
Our sums;
Becuz, you see,
Him, Fred an' me
Is chums.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

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By

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DR. FREDERICK LYNCH, *Editor of Christian Work and Evangelist, says:*

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